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In Memory of
Henry Williams Sage

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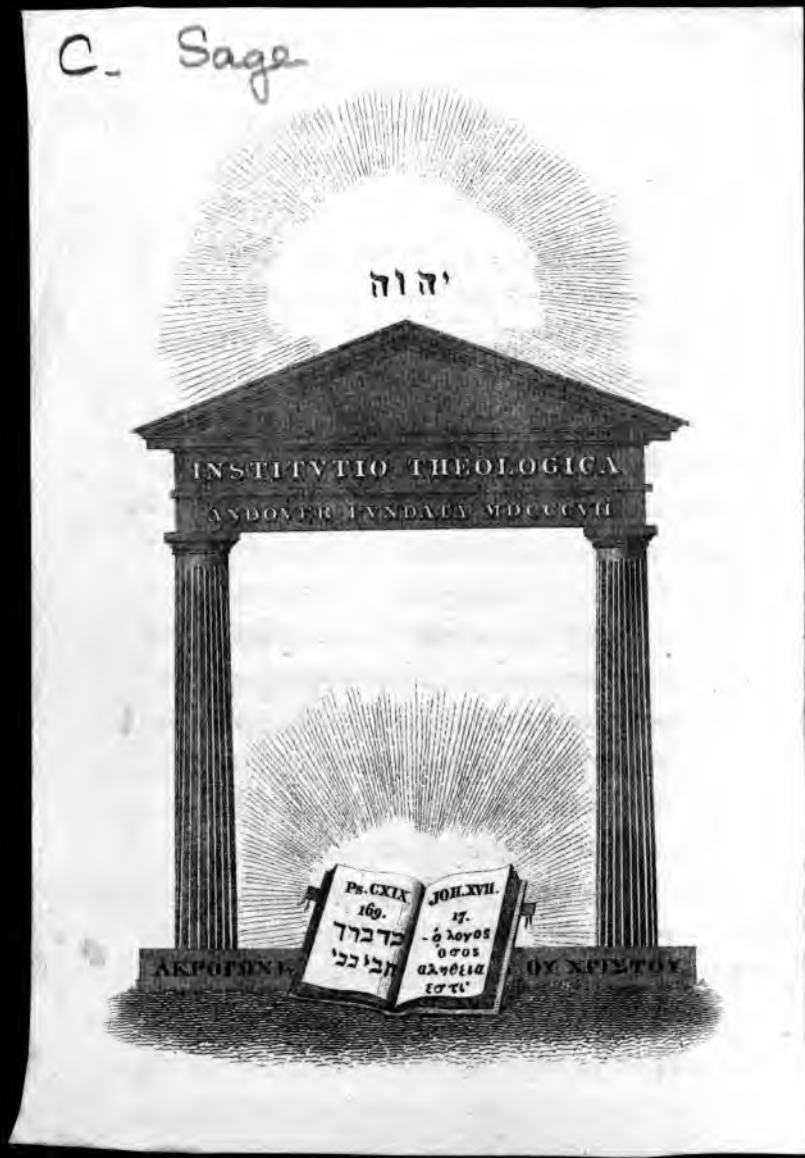
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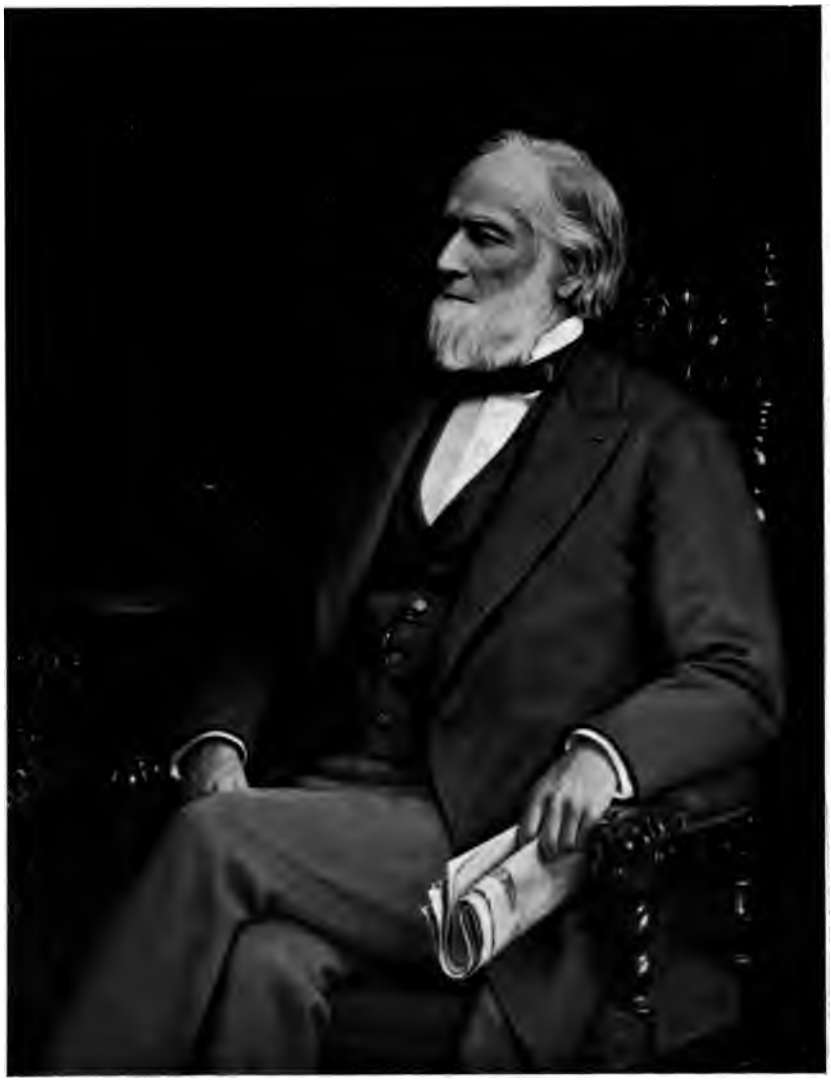

From the Painting by J. Colin Forbes.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

IN HONOR OF

HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE

ITHACA, N. Y.

PRINTED BY THE CORNELLIAN

1904

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MEMORIAL EXERCISES

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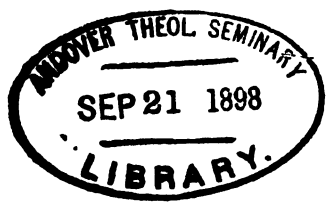

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INTRODUCTORY

HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE died on Saturday, the eighteenth of September, 1897.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University, on the same day, called for the purpose of making the sad announcement, it was resolved that the family of Mr. Sage be requested to permit his interment in Sage Chapel, and that they be further requested to permit the removal of the remains of Mrs. Sage to the same place; that all University exercises be suspended on the day of the funeral services of Mr. Sage, and that all the University buildings be closed; and furthermore that the President be requested to telegraph the members of the Board of Trustees residing outside of Ithaca, notifying them of the death of Mr. Sage, and calling a special meeting of the

Board for the purpose of attending the funeral services.

At this special meeting, held on the twentieth of September, the day of the burial of Mr. Sage, the following was presented and adopted:

"The Board of Trustees have learned with deep sorrow of the death of their venerable and venerated Chairman, and they desire to convey to the members of his family the assurance of their sympathy with them in their great bereavement.

The lifelong friend of the Founder of Cornell University, Mr. Sage became a Trustee on June 30, 1870, and on June 16, 1875, he was elected to succeed the Founder in the Chairmanship of the Board of Trustees. At that time he was resident in Brooklyn, but in 1880 he removed to Ithaca—the home of his boyhood and early manhood—where with ever-increasing delight in the beauty of the scenery he spent the remaining years of his life. He had thus for seventeen years been locally associated, and for twenty-seven years officially connected with Cornell University. And the record of his labors and services and gifts to the University during that period constitutes a chapter which will long be remembered in the history of higher education in this country.

It is impossible for anyone who has not seen Mr. Sage day after day, year in and year out, driving about

the Campus, while he directed the erection of buildings, the laying out of grounds, and the innumerable and multifarious details of repairs and alterations, to form any just conception of the enormous amount of work which the material face of the University, as we see it to-day, owes to his skilled and experienced hand. At the same time he kept himself as thoroughly conversant with the financial condition and operations of the institution as with his own personal business, and in large part he bore the responsibility of financial management and control. Nor was he, man of affairs though he was, unacquainted with the needs and aspirations of the various departments of instruction, whose heads always found him an intelligent, a sympathetic, and a helpful patron.

The objects of Mr. Sage's benefactions coincide with the supreme ends of civilization. Sage College is the embodiment of the ideal of *justice to womankind*, which few of the most progressive races have yet succeeded in realizing. To *truth*, to *beauty*, and to *goodness* he has erected enduring monuments in the Sage School of Philosophy, the Museum of Casts, and that Chapel which the piety of his wife first suggested to his willing mind. But, while Mr. Sage was pre-eminently devoted to those highest spiritual ends and fostered with peculiar care the departments most directly charged with them, his wide intelligence and comprehensive sympathies embraced the University, in the entirety of its ends, functions, and appointments. While his total gifts aggregated $1,175,290.79, more than half of that sum

was devoted to the Library building and endowment, which is, as he meant it to be, the radiating centre of the *intellectual life* of the University.

Greater even than his gifts, was the boon which Mr. Sage conferred by his management of the lands which the foresight of the Founder had saved for his University. It seems more than accidental, we may in all reverence describe it as providential, that while in all the States of the Union only one man—Ezra Cornell, of New York—had the prescience to foresee the eventual appreciation of the value of the lands granted by Congress for educational purposes, and at the same time the wisdom to devise the means for husbanding them, in this State also, among his friends, in the person of his successor as Chairman of the Board, there was a man whose training and experience, whose imagination and judgment, qualified him to realize for the University out of that landed estate more than even the Founder ever dreamed of.

By his services and donations, Mr. Sage has writ his name large in the history of Cornell University. They entitle him to perpetual recollection as our Second Founder. And they will often be recalled by the generations who follow us as they continue to enjoy the fruits of this benefactor's liberal sowing. But we over whom Mr. Sage presided in this Board, and all who knew him personally, cannot help feeling that more precious even than his gifts and labors was the spirit in which he performed them—the absolute disinterestedness of the man, unalloyed by any taint of self-seeking

or egotism, his deep and solemn sense of duty, the breadth and tenderness of his sympathies, his unquenchable hopefulness, his piety, his faith in the moral and intellectual progress of mankind, his earnest and effectual interest in the cause of education, and his love and devotion to this University as a great and beneficent agency for promoting the highest ends of civilization and the best welfare of the Republic. In this spirit of our departed friend, and in all the noble qualities of his heart and mind and character, he has left us a heritage of priceless worth as a model and exemplar for successive generations of Cornellians."

It was then resolved that the Board of Trustees attend the funeral services of Mr. Sage in a body; and, furthermore, that a committee of five be appointed to report at a future meeting recommendations and plans for a suitable memorial to be erected to the memory of Mr. Sage.

At the regular fall meeting of the Board of Trustees, on October thirtieth, this committee reported their recommendations, which were, first, that at a suitable time memorial exercises in honor of the memory of Mr. Sage be held at the University; secondly, that a portrait of Mr. Sage be painted for one of the Sage buildings; and, thirdly, that for the recep-

tion of the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Sage a memorial chapel be added to the east end of the Sage Chapel. It was thereupon resolved that this report be accepted, and the recommendations therein adopted.

On November second, at a meeting of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees, it was resolved that the report of the committee on a memorial to the late Chairman of the Board of Trustees, which was referred by the full Board to the executive committee, be referred to a special committee, with full power as to the memorial exercises and portrait, and to perfect plans for the enlargement of the Chapel and for the Sage memorial.

February twenty-second, 1898, was fixed upon for the memorial exercises. They took place in the great hall of the University Armory, and included the acceptance of the portrait of Mr. Sage, painted by Mr. J. Colin Forbes. The programme, in full, was as follows :

Chorale—"Wie schön leucht uns der Morgenstern"

UNIVERSITY BAND

Hymn—"O worship the King" *Grant*

PRAYER

REV. PROFESSOR CHARLES MELLEN TYLER

ADDRESS

Opening Remarks PRESIDENT SCHURMAN

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Henry Williams Sage JUDGE FRANCIS M. FINCH

Hymn—"Lord of all being; throned afar" *Holmes*

ADDRESS

Mr. Sage and Co-education at Cornell

MISS M. CAREY THOMAS

ADDRESS

Mr. Sage and Liberal Culture at Cornell

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

ADDRESS

Mr. Sage and the Religious Life at Cornell

REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT

Hymn—"O God, our help in ages past" *Watts*

BENEDICTION

REV. DR. STEPHEN H. SYNNOTT

Chorale—"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott"

UNIVERSITY BAND

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

PRAYER

BY THE REV. CHARLES MELLEN TYLER, D.D.

Almighty and ever-blessed God, Creator, Father, whose temple is the universal heart of man, whose revelation is clearly made in the reason, affections, and aspirations of humanity, we rejoice that all peoples of the earth are Thy people, and no one nation is dearer to Thee than another. Thou art careful not of Thy greatness, but of Thy love; Thy majesty is not that of dominion, but that of a Father whose incessant and inevitable purpose to bless us is the inspiration to all progress, to all quest of truth and all righteous conduct.

How blest are we, O God, to live under the empire of infinite Goodness, to be called to

high thought and sublime action in alliance with Thee who hast committed to us the destinies of the world, and wilt aid us in advancing them! Thou hast summoned us to the difficult but illustrious privilege of building the structure of human knowledge and of fostering the social, moral, and religious welfare of our race.

We desire in humility to accept this high and holy mission, not exaggerating our wisdom or sacrifices, not rating too highly our importance as being finite, to the Infinite, yet not unmindful of the dignity of thought and free will which Thou hast conferred.

And as, to-day, personal gratitude and public gratitude unite in paying our tribute to the memories of the good who have departed from earth, as in thought we live again in their presence, and feel the pulsation of their unselfish and benevolent energy, we ask that we may have grace to justify their hopes, to rightly administer the trusts they have committed to us, and carry to grateful fulfilment the high ideals they have cherished.

Though dead they yet speak to us by their generous deeds. The curtain of mystery

which divides them from our sight sways ready to part and admit us to a reunion with them in far higher scenes of happiness and service.

And may the thought of him who was the latest to be called home to the skies, whose loving service has imposed upon us so great a debt of gratitude, inspire in our breast a true and lasting pathos, and exalt to eloquent commemoration this hour's discourse.

We implore Thy perpetual blessing upon the President of the University, that he may have granted to him health, strength, and long life, and upon the whole corps of instruction and administration, that all things may be so ordered in Thy governance, that this institution may be a source of perpetual blessing to humanity, that eminent men may look back with pride and affection to this Mother of learning which has sent them forth to the high service in church and state in which they are engaged.

And we beseech Thee also that over the youth who are now within these halls the arch of Divine favor may be extended, that their future lives may be as prosperous and happy as their hopes to-day are radiant. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY PRESIDENT SCHURMAN

On this day which marks the birth of Washington it is a general custom to commemorate the heroes of the nation and to draw from their example lessons of political wisdom, of patriotism, and of civic virtue. In this place we last year listened to an address on Chief Justice Marshall by a distinguished member of that august tribunal over which in his day Marshall so grandly presided and in which through the weight of his opinions Marshall's genius has ever since been dominant. It is good for us thus to hold converse with the makers of the nation; it is stimulating and elevating to recall the wise principles, the noble sentiments, the mighty deeds of the men of old. It is not only a lesson in good citizenship, but an inspiration to become good

citizens. The vital essence of the Republic—its quickening and sustaining energy—is concentrated in its great men. It is a gift of Providence for which we cannot be too devoutly grateful that in the course of one short century the American people should have been favored with a Washington, a Jefferson, a Marshall, a Lincoln, and a Grant. May the spirit of these immortal patriots animate us who enter into their heritage! May the students of this University—who possess, with the aspiration and hopefulness, the strength and energy, of youth—here highly resolve that our Republic shall be no mere name, but in fact a divine commonwealth, a veritable *civitas Dei!* And to that end let me entreat you to cultivate in yourselves the virtues of wisdom and magnanimity, of justice and liberty, of truth and honor, of courage, self-sacrifice and self-control, which alone have power to exalt a human society above the herds of brutes and to invest the history of nations with the interest and pathos of a divine drama.

But it is not to laud the fathers of the Republic we have assembled to-day. Since our last celebration of Washington's birthday, a

private citizen, the friend and helper of us all, has been called from the bounteous and benign life he led here into the Unseen World. Our kind and generous patron was, I have said, a private citizen. Yet his services and benefactions to this University, of which he had been for twenty-seven years a Trustee and, since the death of the Founder, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, made him in a sense a public character, as they will certainly commend his name and fame, among the nation's noblest, to the grateful recollection of future generations. We owe it to posterity to preserve, so far as art can render life, the visible appearance of such a man. And the picture now before you, which has been painted by Mr. J. Colin Forbes on the commission of the Trustees, shows that we have not been unmindful of this obligation. I venture to remark that this admirable portrait, in which for the first time an artist has succeeded in reproducing on canvas the mingled strength and geniality of the original, will, as those who remember his features pass away, become one of the most precious possessions of the University.

We have assembled this morning to honor

the memory of our departed friend and patron. We desire to review his life and character, to picture the manner of man he was, and to recall the service he rendered to this University. It is not so much a public celebration as an occasion for voicing the sentiment of our academic fraternity. The new Chairman of the Board of Trustees—ex-Governor Flower—is, unfortunately for us, and to his own great regret, separated from us by many thousands of miles; but he writes of his predecessor that he has erected at this University "a monument that will last for all time, continually doing good and making the world better." The speakers whom we invited to participate in our commemoration are all connected with the University and all friends of its late benefactor. Judge Finch and Professor Goldwin Smith, honored members of our Faculty, were both fellow laborers with the Founder. Dr. Lyman Abbott has long been one of our University preachers, and he is now pastor of that Brooklyn Church of which, during the ministry of Henry Ward Beecher, our departed friend was for many years an active member. Miss Thomas, the President of Bryn Mawr College, is a filial witness to the value of

the higher education of women which the foundation of Sage College made possible at Cornell University. As I have said it is a domestic commemoration; the speakers are all members of the household. Only one other person was invited to join with us—a former Trustee of the University who has since been President of the United States. But Mr. Cleveland answers that it is impossible for him to be present "to participate" (if I may read from his letter) "in the manifestation of affectionate appreciation of Mr. Sage's magnificent aid to higher education and American culture."

And now I should yield this place to the speakers of the day. It would be obviously improper for me to forestall their remarks by any reference to the themes assigned them. But affection and friendship will not permit me to be altogether silent; and I crave your indulgence for liberty of brief, if all too inadequate, utterance. It is now nigh thirteen years since I first saw Mr. Sage. Though seventy winters had already whitened his locks, he was then a powerful and commanding personality; and it was manifest that his strength and talents had been enlisted by his heart in the ser-

vice of Cornell University. The last time I saw him was on Tuesday, September 14th, three days before his death. His form and figure were somewhat reduced, and his physical strength much abated; but his mind was clear, his intelligence had something even of its old keenness; and his countenance—oh! how shall I describe the expression it bore? Purged of everything temporal and earthly, that face seemed to reflect the chastened and mellow beauty of a soul touched already with the dawning radiance of the celestial world. It was a picture of glorified old age which I shall never forget. In our conversation he opened his heart in a way which it would not be proper to speak of, but which was very touching at the time, and which, with other manifestations of his esteem and affection, I shall always treasure among my most precious recollections.

I utter no vain regrets that a long and unusually active life has come, in the order of nature, to its divinely appointed goal.

> Men must endure
> Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
> Ripeness is all.

And indeed there was a kind of victory over

time and oblivion in the halo of our friend's old age and in the honor, reverence, and affection which crowned it. Yet the long day's work was done; the place of business and of counsel knew him no more. If, therefore, I do not mourn over the final consummation, I cannot but remember the man I knew and loved. It was my privilege for a number of years to enjoy the intimate friendship and confidence of Mr. Sage and to be in some measure his fellow laborer in a work which we both believed to be the highest that man can undertake. The education and elevation of the race seems to be the aim of human existence. For that supreme object Mr. Sage wrought in this institution. I was permitted to share his labors and his hopes. And now that he is no longer here, I cannot go about my daily occupation as though the world were just the same. It is really poorer. It has been impoverished by the withdrawal of a noble and heroic soul,—a man wise, strong, brave, loyal, sincere, friendly, and helpful. Never again shall we rejoice in the light of that eager eye, or draw inspiration from that commanding presence, or feel the outflow of that affectionate and tender heart. Yet I can-

not forget that such things have been and were most precious. Dear Friend! thy image is enshrined in the sacred places of memory.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no evil touch them."

But on us who remain behind devolves the weight of a heavier responsibility. The entire existence of this University is measured by the span of a single generation of mankind. Planted thirty years ago, it was first nourished by the self-sacrifice of the Founder and then revivified by the afflatus of a larger life from the self-devotion of him whom men will hereafter call the Second Founder. Under the happy influence of these forces, with the cooperation of Trustees and Faculties, and from the initial and long continued impulse given by the directing hand of the first President, the University has, in the good providence of God, attained a scope and achieved a distinction of which I suppose no one had foreseen the magnitude. This great trust is now committed to us. Whether we are engaged in administration, teaching, or studying, each one of us is a sharer in it. And if we are to augment,

or even to maintain, our fair inheritance, we must be single-eyed, diligent, and faithful; we shall need great wisdom and prudence; unity, loyalty, and friendship are indispensable; and the end of our solicitude would be wanting if this were not a school of good manners and morals, of wisdom and reverence, of scholarship, culture, and high intelligence. Let us then, while the hour is fragrant with the memory of our great benefactor, dedicate ourselves anew, with a union of minds and hearts and hands, to the service of this University which he served with such perfect devotion, such undying love.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY JUDGE FRANCIS MILES FINCH

We realize to-day that the choicest lesson of humanity is a life well lived. It is our common experience, and so has been often said, that no abstract theory ever wields the impressive force of a concrete example. We may reason about the elements of a noble character,—as we do and must,—we may paint them vividly with the brightest coloring of words, we may set in array around them every argument for their excellence, and press home the truth with warmth of enthusiasm and energy of conviction, and yet when the words are said the thought fades and blurs until some obvious life gathers and masses it all into the steady pressure of a constant example. I often think that history is but massed biographies, for those who investigate an age and seek to dis-

cover and reproduce its essential character invariably seek out and study the typical lives which crystallized into action the thought and purpose of the time. They stand out on the background of events living representatives of their age, for all its good and evil, its tone and temper, its color and mould, ran with their blood, and were radiated out from the activities of their lives.

But it is not always nor often that the men who dominate an age, men of exceptional genius or marvelous power, who absorb the watch and wonder of the masses and tempt the historian from his sober duty,—it is not these who best represent their era, but the plainer and average folk,—peasant and burgher, scholar and citizen,—whose lives we try to understand as types of their time. One cannot help watching the white foam flying from the crest of the storm-wave, but it is the black-green mass of the surge beneath that topples the iceberg and wrecks the steamship on its way. There was but one Washington. On this anniversary of his birth we cannot remember him too well, or shrine him too high, or recall too seriously the grave and wise words of his Farewell. But

though he dominated the scene he did not constitute it. Beneath him and upholding him was the solid massing of the people; their love of liberty and determined will to have it; the cool daring which lined the fences of Lexington and Concord with rustic rifles; the unfaltering patience which dragged bloody feet through the snows of Valley Forge.

And so to-day it is not the life of a scarred soldier or weary statesman which we have met to remember, but the typical life of an American boy and an American man whose memory is very dear to us all.

On a sad day of the autumn, when the vine leaves were turning crimson and the ripe fruits were falling and the skies sobbed with inclement tears, we followed to his grave one of the Fathers of this University,—HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE. He is said to have come of a sturdy and vigorous ancestry, blending the brave and choleric blood which defended the mountains of Wales with that of the Puritan landing on the New England rocks that he might worship God in his own sober and serious way. If the Christianity planted among the Britons under the protection of the Roman

eagles fled for safety to the Welsh mountains, there came a time when under the first Edward that tempestuous little state, fringing the stormy coast and fighting behind the fortress of its rocks, was driven to submission, and yielded a reluctant obedience to the British crown. Thence onward it shared in the pressure of that ecclesiastical tyranny which drove to Holland and then to Plymouth those stern and devout and unsmiling dissenters who fled from the domination of the bishops to the freedom of their Bibles. One of these is described as the founder of the family in America, landing on our shores more than two centuries ago, and settling at Middletown in the valley of the Connecticut. His descendants in a long line seem at first to have kept near that locality; and it is not strange to find among them one who led the charge of his company in the fight on Bunker Hill, where an obstinate squad of rustic rebels taught the unexpected lesson to the contemptuous regulars from over the sea, that a man might be an effective soldier though a total failure on dress parade.

Among these descendants was born in 1795 the father of him to whose memory we have

devoted this day. That father was long settled at Bristol, in Connecticut, and married the daughter of another Puritan family whose descendants are all about us, showing in their lives the vigor and intelligence of their ancestral line, and whom we are glad to number among our friends. In 1814 while our second war was raging, more on the sea than on the land, and in the first month of that stormy year, Henry W. Sage was born and began the life which has recently ended.

I think I can see the boy as he grows toward manhood, for there is a very serious strain in his blood. Doubtless he had the love of play like other boys, and looked into the future with their magnificent confidence and trust; but we find him early at the Academy of his home taming down his high spirits and the flashing of his ancestral temper to the calmer duty of a preparation for Yale. How well he did it I can guess—but do not know: still less what might have been the trend of his life if that early purpose had been fully accomplished. But something else was in store for him better suited to the energy and courage of which as yet he may have been but dimly con-

scious. His plans of study and of a college life were frustrated by the removal of his father to the small but busy village then nestling in the valley below us, and little dreaming of what in the future was to crown its overlooking heights. Why that change was made I can imagine. The hard and unhopeful New England life looked harder in the light shining from the west, where more of opportunity was supposed to await the builders who were pushing civilization beyond the lakes. Then, too, the boy's maternal uncles were already here, building up with Puritan economy and precision fortunes deemed large for those modest days; masters of an opportunity which they thoroughly understood and through whose doors lay the road to the activities of a business life. But this New England youth, fresh from the charm of his books and from Academic hopes and air, did not easily surrender his purpose. He never surrendered one. Always it had to be wrung from him. Here in his new home he began the study of medicine. But persistent Fortune, having its own aim and following its own road, though seeming to move blindly, a second time intervened to thwart his

professional plans. His health failed him. His great strong lungs were cramped over his books and demanded open air and freer play: his muscles craved room to stretch themselves and vigorous work to swell them into strength: and his eyes—perhaps a little weary—coveted a wider sweep over broader zones than the pages he forced himself to read. That settled it. Accident and rebellious nature met him at the forks of the road, as they often do. He had reached that interesting and fateful moment in a young man's life when he chooses his work; when of all the roads radiating from his feet and ending far apart he must select out one while yet unable to trace any. Some open pleasantly, with lawn and roses at the wayside: some rough and rugged, blocked by boulders and cut by gorges: but all winding out of sight, lost in the hills or blinded by the forest, and leading to the unknown. Little wonder that his eyes grow thoughtful and his step falls slow, for he is saying farewell to his sheltered youth and choosing his doubtful way into the stern world, not likely to pet him, more certain to pound him into his allotted place. How much the pressure of circumstances, how much

the instinctive bent of his disposition had to do with his choice perhaps even he was never able to say, but choose he did, and putting by his books even if with some regret, he took the chances of a business life, and began it with his uncles on the docks and in the warehouses of what we still call the Inlet of the Lake.

It is difficult for us now to realize the old stir and enterprise of that locality. We have so grown accustomed to the slow decay of the abandoned wharves, to a silence broken only by the puff of the steam-tug bearing the summer citizen to the sleepy laziness of his cottage on the lake, as to hear with surprise that it was once all alive with the bustle and hurry of a large internal commerce. It was very much alive when the youth who had abandoned the study of medicine entered there upon his business career; and we must bring it back to our memories if we would understand many traits of his character coming to the surface in this formative stage of his life.

Let me try to recall the situation as it existed in 1832 when his choice was made. It was only three years earlier that the first locomotive on this Western Continent had come

into use. In the State of New York, where now one can hardly go a mile without watching for possible death, there was but one railroad, and that only sixteen miles in length, and joining the Mohawk at Schenectady with the Hudson at Albany. The sole reliance and the grave problem of the day was water-carriage. Already the grain and the plaster and the farm products and even tar from the abundant pines of this lake region, drawn over the turnpike to Owego, were there loaded on bateaux and floated down the Susquehanna till they found an Atlantic port at Baltimore; but the boats could never come back; where they stopped they were sold and stayed. The genius of Clinton had built the Erie Canal and tied with a thread of brown water the great lakes to the great river and opened a way to the metropolis. There came courage at last, as the Mohawk had been bound to the Hudson with a ribbon of iron, to link the Cayuga with the Susquehanna in the same manner and for the same purpose; and so the second railroad in the State was built and led from the docks at Ithaca to the river margin at Owego. You will readily observe that the only understood use

of a railroad in those early days was to supplement nature by joining separated waterways. Nobody then dreamed that the iron rail was to master and supersede the water channels which had cut their way to the ocean with the wash and grind of patient centuries.

And now we can see into what our New England lad suddenly plunged when he began the training of his business life. Something new and confusing surely. Boatmen and boats; boxes and bales; barrels and bags; coming and going; loading and unloading; the ripple of grain, the rumble of wheels, the crowding of drays, the tangle of ropes; not a moment to spare and the days too short;—these were the young man's busy welcome. It took him but a little while to see that somewhere there was and must be a master, a brain and will to command, an inflexible order and system demanding implicit obedience, a guiding force, stern, severe, and implacable, to which everything must bend and before which all must bow. Success was possible on no other terms. Usually the gray-blue of his eyes was sunny and pleasant, and the dawn of a smile hung about his lips; I can see it lurking in every pho-

tograph of his face;—but even the roughest boatman, with explosive temper and emphatic adjectives and brute strength, drew back when the lines of the young face hardened and the glitter of steel came into its determined eyes. Yes, he learned his lessons thoroughly; every man in his place and every duty at its time; perfect method and rigorous system everywhere; the rule of a master, kindly but resolute and unflinching; nothing too small to be overlooked; never an atom of waste in any direction; tireless industry; utter devotion to the task in hand; no pardon for laziness; no endurance of careless neglect; every moment utilized and every hour brimmed with its work; that was the training which he had and the lesson of manhood that he learned. It left indelible marks upon his life sure to show themselves in his after career. How well he mastered that lesson is apparent in the fact that in 1837 his employers, attracted to other avocations, transferred the whole business to him and left him to work out his own results. He was ready for the responsibility and not afraid of the risk. Life for him was serious. He was not one of those who laugh at it as

a farce or amuse themselves with it as a comedy when at the best,—at its very best,—it is an inevitable tragedy. Its clouds gathered over him. His father, shipwrecked on the coast of Florida in the drive of a southern storm, was slain by the Indians of the Everglades, and there came to the son an added care as head of the family and guardian of its comfort and safety. Another cloud began to darken over his business. Iron tracks were superseding waterways. They were tunneling through rocks, clinging to hillsides, following river banks, climbing slopes in spirals, screaming along valleys. They had speed far beyond that of the slow toiling boat. They were changing the channels of traffic, opening new markets and ruining old ones. But he, this thoughtful man of business, had foresight for the emergency, an instinctive judgment of the future rarely at fault, and now he turned to the forests for his fortune. First on one of the Canadian lakes he built a mill for the manufacture of lumber, and later another in Michigan, and began cutting the pines of the northern peninsula. He loved that mill. It was his pride. And well it might be, for it was a perfect type

of its master. Here was power, enough and to spare. Here was an order and system invariable and tyrannical with the tyranny of a machine. Here was no waste; the fragrant sawdust even went to feed the fires and every despicable slab had its use. Here was intelligence adapting means to an end. Here was obedience, discipline; every tooth of the saw, every band on its wheel, every clang of the metal knew and acknowledged its master. No wonder that he loved it and fed it with the lords of the forest floated to its gates, for it was a type of the man, framed in iron and steel. And now a broader field opened before him. To track the pine in the shadow and silence of its northern home, to know what land to take and what to leave, to study the water channels down which the crowding logs could find their way, to organize the lumber camps lonely in the woods, to dictate the drive, to loosen the jam, to fight fire and thieves, to watch and foil unfair and destructive taxation, to choose and guide his men, and then to know where and when to sell, and how to wait bearing the hard burden of patience,—all this loaded brain and nerves almost to the breaking strain.

The strong, absorbed, masterful business man!—I have tried to set him before you, perhaps in a lingering way, myself captured by the theme. But if that had been all there was of him you and I would not have been gathered here to-day. If that had been all there was of him we might indeed have admired his business energy and thrift, we might as citizens have been proud of his financial strength and success, we might have enjoyed his friendship and the beauty and serenity of his home, but that warm and deathless gratitude which opens in our hearts as we think of him, as we speak of him, and which follows his footsteps all over this hillside would have scarcely bloomed beyond his family and friends, and in the wider area of our educational interests and activity. Our respect he would have had, but our gratitude would have slept till awakened by a touch which brought some kindly help in its hands. Fortunately for him and for us that business capacity and energy which characterized his prime was not all there was of him. There was something else, another side of his life, a different trait of his character, waiting the fit occasion for its development and display, lurk-

ing in the dark till the coming of its chosen hour, and then manifesting itself to complete the perfected nature and rounded outline of the man. What I have so far said of him was but the growth and the climbing of the vine, mixing defensive thorns with the over-hang of its leaves, until in its own appointed hour it should show us that for which it grew,—the beauty of its blooming, the sweetness of its fruit. There had been and there were those who charged their fortunes with a duty to Humanity and to a just extent held them in trust for the good of the race. Into this class,—men whose memories are imperishable and whose names live on,—Mr. Sage soon made his way. Already under the crust of his business activity had broken out traces of the fires beneath the surface, of a half unguessed tenderness of heart, revealing itself freely to his nearest and dearest, but rather proudly concealed from the outside world. Already, and as far back as 1868, we can see how his thoughts and plans were beginning to converge upon some effort for the culture and lifting of the race, for we find him at the very opening of the University urging upon its young President, willing to act

but cautiously determined on delay, the admission of women to its privileges and offering to bear the bulk of the added burden. Two years later he became a member of the Board of Trustees. What he did then is to you a familiar history. You saw him use more than a quarter of a million of his fortune in building a woman's college on our grounds and giving it a permanent endowment: you saw the structure rise, the doors flung wide, the swift gather of the girls, the bright happiness with which they took possession of their heritage, the marvellous composure with which they set themselves at work, and suggested to the boys that they had better look to their laurels. All this that you so well know you think I may leave unsaid. Perhaps. But one's habit of thinking grows as his years grow, and possibly I may get somewhat closer to the heart of this generous giver, nearer to the workings of his mind, and nestle down among his thoughts and emotions.

You knew he was brave. One only needed to look at him to be sure of that; but have you even a faint comprehension of the amount of rare and resolute courage which it required

to push his perilous experiment upon us in those nervous and trying days? It looks easy now, but it looked hard and dangerous then. The University had only just caught the breath of life. It was born in the vortex of a storm which was raging yet. Two or three lonesome buildings stood bare and shadeless on the hillside. The paths were mudways, the rooms full of shivers, the professors few and learning hard lessons of patience. The income on which we depended was small and inadequate and the outlook dubious and dark. A great hurricane of obloquy and abuse blew about us almost without a lull. Because we respected all creeds but would own no one for a corporate master we were sweetly classed as infidels, and the mothers of the land were warned to fence in their boys from the wolves. The mothers were not much frightened. For many years this industrious nagging went cheerfully on, and possibly has not yet entirely spent its force, although the principle which brought us so much of blame has been imbedded in the Constitution and become a fundamental law of the State. And besides: we had ventured to carry instruction beyond the ven-

erable and established lines ; to give to history and science a wider field; and even to plan workshops and teach the mechanic arts. That was unpardonable. We were promptly honored with the contemptuous comment of the graduates of older and extremely respectable institutions, in quantities larger than we could conveniently carry about with us, and described as rustic, reckless, and dangerously radical. That unpleasant opinion lasted long. We had to wear it out by slow degrees. I hope at last we have earned the right to kindlier comment. Now, what do you think of the man's marvelous courage which in such a state of things could dare to add to our other innovations that of co-education, and bring down upon us a greater burden of care and a new deluge of criticism; and not only that, but could nerve him to stake a respectable fortune on the result,—he who hated waste with a mortal hatred and always measured his risks ? Realize, I pray you, the wonder of that confident courage which could dare such an enterprise at such a time. Realize too that he had to furnish it to others in measure large enough to win them over to his purpose. I suspect,—I

think I remember,—that we drew close to him to absorb his courage and faith, as one hugs a fire for its warmth.

But a question occurs to you, as it did at the time to me, why this astute and trained business man, who knew so well when to push his plans and when to wait, should have chosen a moment seemingly so unpropitious in which to launch his enterprise and send it on its way. You have not fathomed the man at all if you do not see how the shrewdness of his thought flew at once to the conclusion that it was then or never. From incidental and pithy words strewn along the line of his talk I began to see how wisely he had chosen the favorable moment. His purpose was an innovation in the older States. Well, we ourselves were an innovation. There were no moss-grown, iron-bound doors of surly conservative strength to be broken through. If he waited there might be. His purpose was sure to bring down upon us a new flood of sneers and sarcasm. What matter! Already wet through to the skin we could bear the drench of a new shower more easily than if we had been altogether dry. We were young and weak, just taking shape and

becoming organized. So much the better. The tender vine-shoot he would plant could be easily trained among the rest and take its uncrowded place on the lattice where the grapes were to ripen in the sun. The law which compelled us to a large degree of gratuitous education made no distinction of sex. Already—and as early as 1870—one woman, armed with her certificate under the law, had knocked at the hesitant doors. You are bound to admit them, he said: do you prefer to have them forced upon you? We had no home for the girls, no money to spend upon their care. Then came his final blow. I will give it if you act now; and there was a shrewd significance in his refusal to indicate that he would ever again repeat the generous offer. He could make a point by silence as effectively as any man I knew. Obviously his astute business training never did any finer work than this. What seemed to be the most unfavorable and unfortunate moment for his purpose, to his clear vision was the best time of all, and the perfect hour when success was attainable and the end within his reach.

May I search further for his ultimate

thought? He had no daughters in his home dependent on his care and love, and so his large heart reached out to adopt the daughters of all the land. In the very deeps of his nature, where no man could see, rose a fountain of almost fatherly love for those shut out from the halls of learning, denied the chance so freely given to their brothers, too weak to seize justice for themselves, and all his tenderness and courage rose together for their relief.

But I must hasten on, passing for the moment matters to which I may presently recur, and drawing your memories at once to that long lawsuit over the will of his partner's daughter which led him to build the library of which we are so fond and proud. She was a favorite of his. He always had a smile and a pleasant word for her, and talked with her often over her wish to add to the resources of the University. Her heart was full of two things—a library for the well, a hospital for the sick, food for the mind and rest for the body, good books, good care. Struck with a mortal disease in a cold rain of Normandy, she came home to die in the sight of her father's gift to us, with the tones of her own bells mingling with the

last sounds she was to hear. I saw her not long before she left us, lying close to a south window into which the sun was shining as if to warm her back to health, looking out on the lawn, on the buildings, on the trees, with an expression of face and the faintest of faint words which I shall never forget. We all mourned her death; to all of us her memory was very dear; but no one felt her loss more deeply than Mr. Sage, and when the gift in her will of the large residue of her estate,—large enough to have accomplished fully her own expressed desires,—was diverted from its purpose and carried over to collaterals we felt a disappointment of which the loss of the money was by far the smallest part. It is a curious thing in legal history how a statute or a rule survives long after the reason for it has utterly disappeared. It clings to the line of legislation as a deserted bird's nest to the bare branches of a winter tree. It was well enough in the time of the first Edward and the second Richard that the idle wealth of religious houses should have led to statutes of mortmain and be followed by restraint upon the capacity of corporations to take, but that the habit should con-

tinue when the reason did not apply, and that there was any imagined danger that educational institutions in this land of ours would ever get capital beyond their needs is only to be accounted for by the persistent habit of legal rules. Every college in the nation, however rich or strong, remains a pauper relatively to its necessities. But the old custom had put a restraint in our charter and the court enforced it. Pending the litigation Mr. Sage grew both indignant and uneasy. Those who talked with him could see that the emergency worried him. His strong regard for the dead lady whose wishes were being resisted was supplemented by another thought, and that a conviction that a good library was the chief and urgent need of the University. He himself was more a lover of books than most men knew. Absorbed in business as he was he found time to read them and freshen his mind with their lessons. He realized that a library is the heart of the University, the pivot on which its progress swings, the measure of its utility, and at last, out of the two blended motives, his love for the memory of the woman who had left us, his consciousness of our educational needs,

he built and endowed the library, promising if the litigation should end in disaster to make it his gift as a memorial of his departed friend. You may read his thoughts in the words of the tablet which he affixed to its walls, and get very deep into his heart as you read.

For always it was not merely money that he gave but himself as well. With it went the heart to conceive and the brain to execute; a watchful oversight that doubled the value of the gift; a guardian care that would suffer no dollar to be wasted but drive every one to its allotted place and its fullest result. And this personal devotion to any enterprise that he deemed worthy of his aid was manifested most clearly and completely in his masterly management of the pine lands resulting from the Founder's unselfish and most courageous contract with the State. His death left them a heavy burden upon the resources of the University to whose ownership they had been transferred. The load was almost crushing in its weight. The strong man who had carried it so patiently was gone. Some of us would have been glad to sell the whole tract

from under its taxes and fires and timber thieves for a million and a quarter of dollars, and so ended, at least with safety, the almost ruinous pressure: but capital shrank away from us frightened, and left us to what it deemed an impending destruction. In this emergency Mr. Sage did two things. He put at our service his invaluable business training and experience; he brought it to bear vigorously upon every detail of the enormous enterprise; he taught us how to be patient and to wait, and hold up the load even while our bones cracked under it. He did a second thing at a somewhat earlier period. When nobody else would buy and not a purchaser could be found on earth, he joined his partner in a purchase of fifty thousand acres. We had enemies who criticised both him and us. They said he made a profit out of it. I hope that he did: I prayed that he might: for every dollar of his profit added just so much to the market value of the large mass which remained to us, and the fact of his successful venture brought purchasers to us at last. Some one had to lead the way and demonstrate by actual business results the value of our land investment. But that is not

all. I say to you that this one act of his probably saved the University from total and wretched destruction; that but for that, to all human appearance, on one October day its doors would have been closed, its students scattered, its teachers dismissed, and its lawn left to the weeds. I may not tell you the story: perhaps some one will,—long after I am gone, as well as that faithful Treasurer,—George W. Schuyler,—who bore with me the strain and the ache of that perilous emergency. Enough to say that I know, better than any living man, that the purchase by Mr. Sage and his associate was the one sole fact which enabled us, with the temporary help of some of the trustees, to save the institution from impending wreck; gave us the one only spot of firm ground on which it was possible to stand; proved itself to be the one thing alone which brought safety out of danger and life out of death. How well he did his work and how wisely the Founder had planned finds its conclusive demonstration in the fact that while the sales of scrip which the State was making would have yielded less than $700,000, the actual results have furnished an addition to our capital from the entire

land grant and estimating the unsold lands, of about five and a half millions.

There are other incidents of his life over which it would be interesting to linger. I would like to study the road which his thought and his heart travelled when this man of business endowed a Preacher's chair at Yale, a School of Philosophy with us, a modest library where his mill was running. But the temptation must be put aside.

I have kept for my last thought of him one of his gifts to this University in which he took a special delight because his wife and children shared in it, and it became a memorial of them all. I mean the Sage Chapel with its endowment, bringing to us the purest wisdom and the strongest eloquence of the pulpit, whose organ fills the air with the hymns of the Christian Church, whose very existence indicates how easily narrow creeds might leap their fences and solidify in one harmonious thought and worship. The suggestion came from his wife, ere long to be torn from him in the whirl of one swift and terrible instant, which threw a shadow upon all of his after life. When the Chapel was finished she wrote

for it a Dedication Hymn, simple in its words, perfect in its rhythm, and devotional in its thought: and then with shrinking and modesty, and a needless doubt of the merit of the lines, withheld them from their place in the exercises of the Dedication and sought to confine them within the narrower limits of the home circle. They escaped her control, however, and found their way into print, and I have kept my own copy of them from that day to this, and, out of respect to her wishes, in the silence to which she condemned them. Even now I hesitate to break that silence, but two of the stanzas so fit the solemnity of this hour, have in them such prophetic tones, that she herself might forgive if I take them out of the shadow and set them in the memorial light of this occasion.

She sang:

When sorrowing hearts are gathered here
To lay within the grave
The dear one whom no earthly power
Nor earthly love can save,

Speak comfort to the stricken ones
Thou who on earth hast trod
The way of suffering. Show them each
That Death is life with God.

While she lays her wreath of song upon the new-made grave, and we can almost hear the sound of wings, let us be silent till they pass.

And now we are to grow accustomed to the loss of our benefactor and enshrine him among those whom the scholars will not forget. Fast, indeed, is Death filling the halls even of this young University with the statues of its devoted friends. Cornell, Sibley, McGraw, Sage! Is the generous line to end? Is that Providence exhausted which at the perfect moment has always come to our aid? I have faith in its watch and care. The destined successor will arrive. I may not live to greet him, but some time he will appear. I do not know who he is; I do not know where he is; I cannot tell what he is thinking about; but I hear his footsteps climbing the hill; he is coming, in his own good time, in his own sure way, to give to this institution a new impetus of solid force, a new swing in the arc of its duty, a new power in the wheels that are driving it to the harbor of its destiny. And when he does come, consciously or unconsciously, his heart will be full, as ours must forever be, of the example set by that life well lived, the just and manly and generous life of Henry Williams Sage.

MR. SAGE AND CO-EDUCATION

BY MISS M. CAREY THOMAS

When you asked me, Mr. President, to speak on this occasion of Mr. Sage and co-education you doubtless so honored me because you believed that on such a subject added weight would be found in the words of a loyal and grateful alumna of this University who was at the same time a representative of another and, in popular belief, opposing form of women's university education.

The great revolution in human thought and practice known for the lack of a better name as the higher education of women has been begun and completed within the last four decades, and from the vantage ground of the closing years of the nineteenth century it is

possible to-day to look back and review what is in all probability its most far-reaching movement. When, in 1872, Mr. Sage advocated those principles of right and justice, expediency and economy, that in each successive year since then have opened university after university at home and abroad to women, not only co-education but the whole higher education of women was still but an impassioned idea. The first attempts to educate women on any large scale were then beginning only and even such few practical results as had been obtained were obscured, as always in the first years of any great reform, by the vehemence of controversial opinion. Abroad, Zurich in Switzerland, with the eyes of all Europe upon her, had admitted women only four years before; the little nucleus of women students afterwards to develop into Girton College had in 1869 begun to study at the English university of Cambridge, but were to wait as yet twelve years for official recognition; in America Vassar, in its curriculum the first woman's college in our modern sense, had opened only seven years previously. Men and women were studying together only in the normal schools and in

some smaller western colleges, notably in the Ohio colleges of Antioch and Oberlin, none of these colleges being then, however, of strictly university grade. The great University of Michigan did not follow the example of Zurich until 1870, and only two years later the University accepted Mr. Sage's noble gift of $266,000, and thereby committed itself irretrievably to co-education.

To all the other problems that beset a four years old university already competing for students with the mighty educational foundations of the east, the courage and foresight of Mr. Sage, Mr. Cornell, and President White, the three men who were then shaping its destiny, added the untried problem of co-education, as yet only an experiment in the west. No one of the three could then have ventured to predict that during the next twenty-five years almost every great university of the world would be committed to some form of co-education. Such a step taken at such a time argues the passionate conviction which we find in Mr. Sage's speech at the laying of the cornerstone of Sage College. Mr. Sage himself once told me that early in his boy-

hood, as far back as he could remember, he had been possessed by a longing to help women, and that as he had come to value education more and more he had come to believe it all important for women; but that not until after his gift to Sage College had he met more than one woman who believed in women's higher education. He told me that he had happened to be away from home when the newspapers announced that the University had accepted his gift and established co-education at Cornell and that on his return his wife, who was afterward to approve so fully of this action, said as she greeted him: "You have meant to do women a great good, but you have ignorantly done them an incalculable injury."

A great change in opinion has taken place since then, and, what is more, this great change has been brought about by the very considerations that weighed with Mr. Sage. He asked for women's education as a condition of race progress. "The efficient force of the human race," he said, "will be multiplied in proportion as woman by culture and education is fitted for new and broader spheres of action." "Any limitation upon the development of woman

reacts and retards the development of a whole race." He exorcised with a word—the only word there is to say—the fantastically lying spirit which declares that education will transform educated women into educated men. "God," he said, "established these (the nature and functions of women) from the beginning, and his purposes do not change." "Every grace and virtue which adorn her nature, every element of usefulness and helpfulness, may be increased without limit by education and culture." "Will she be less woman," he asked, "with riper development of all her faculties? As wife and mother, as sister, companion, and friend, will she be less true to faith and duty? Is man made dwarf or giant by increase of moral and intellectual power?" He did not pause a moment to discuss whether women's capacity be equal to man's. In the light of his tender and magnanimous sympathy with women he saw that if they were inferior mentally there was so much the greater need for insisting on their right to the strengthening and enriching of such faculties as they might possess. And finally Mr. Sage urged, in words that to-day set every generous soul aflame, the

necessity of fitting women for self-support; he instanced the surplus of women in many of the older civilized countries of Europe, a condition then beginning to repeat itself in our Northern States, there being at that time in three of them alone over sixty thousand more women than men of marriageable age, and in Great Britain over one million, and he emphasized the fact that these women could not hope to marry and must in the immediate future either starve or work. He might have added that even in countries where the numbers of men and women are more nearly equal, one-fourth of the whole number of marriageable women are not married. To use his own words: "Women in large masses must be dependent upon their own efforts for daily bread, and often, for the support of helpless families. To fit them for these trials and duties the doors of opportunity must be open wide." "There should be no restriction upon a woman's right to sustain herself in any honest calling; and she should, as much as man, be fitted by education to use the faculties God has given her where they will avail her the most."

Mr. Sage went to the very heart of the

question of woman's future education when he said that until then wherever woman had been educated with man in universities it had been by favor, but that here in the building of Sage College was recognized for the first time in the world her rights to education, "to all the education she will ask." It was to him a source of the deepest satisfaction that Cornell University had "pledged itself to the policy and duty" of forever maintaining equal facilities for the education of men and women; and that, in his own words, "the structures now standing here, and those which shall hereafter be added to them"—how many and fair he who was to give another, and the fairest of them, the great library, did not then know—"are to be used forever for the education of woman with man, to whom God gave her as an help-meet, and as the mother and chief educator of his race."

Very amply was the progress of co-education to justify these words of Mr. Sage. In England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, in Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, in Spain and Italy, in France and Austria, and in Canada, virtually all men's universities are now open to women and except perhaps in some of

the Italian and Spanish universities women are studying in all of them. In the United States all the state universities of the West and almost all of its important colleges are now co-educational. In the Southern States the University of Virginia, and in the Middle States Princeton, are almost alone among the great foundations of America in their exclusion of women from any share whatsoever in the benefits of their instruction and endowments. Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania admit women freely to their graduate instruction, and in the greatest school of the Johns Hopkins University, its medical school, there is no distinction made. Within the last year most of the universities of Germany have admitted women unofficially, and only a few weeks ago the minister of the Interior announced in the German Reichstag the decision of the authorities that women henceforth should be allowed, with the permission of the rector and university professors, to attend university lectures. On the first of next April the first city gymnasium or high school for girls will be opened in Breslau, which means that in the immediate future girls, like boys, are to be

prepared by the government schools for the universities.

In this great movement Cornell has been among the foremost, thanks to the wisdom, the insight, the love of kindness, the love of justice of Mr. Sage. It has been foremost, too, in a movement within that movement, which is of great importance to-day. Mr. Sage laid stress, as I have said just now, on the rights of women to equal facilities, equal advantages, in the institutions in which they studied. There is one respect in which these equal rights are as yet for the most part unrecognized; and it is because of this remaining inequality, I think, that in our Eastern States, where separate women's colleges exist, women are so much disposed to prefer them. There has been hitherto as a rule no place for them on the governing boards of the great co-educational institutions, no place for them on faculties. Exclusions such as these leave women on the whole in the position of foreign residents. Exclusions such as these affect even the kindliest relations between professors and students. The professor feels that the woman student, however swiftly she may respond to his influ-

ence, will not pass his influence on; it is with something like regret that he finds himself compelled by her achievements in the present to award her a fellowship meant to train the scholars and professors of the future. Her brother student, working side by side with her in the classroom, feels that, however she may equal or even outstrip him now, the prizes of a scholar's life are all for him. Education does not end when the last degree is taken; it is not to have equal facilities for education, for scholarship, to be debarred from just those posts in which alone a scholar may devote to scholarship the working hours of life and not its playtime merely.

Great and real as is, and as I believe long will be, the need of separate colleges for women, separate education for men and women cannot ultimately prevail. It is a mad waste of educational endowments at a time when all that we can spend is needed to keep anarchism and ignorance at bay. It is a still madder waste of scholarly power. The great teacher, like the great poet, is born, not made. Among scholars, as among poets, or prose writers, or painters, or musicians, there can be in each

generation a few only that approach the highest level of human efficiency, only a few great men, only a few great women; and to these all the students in their special field of knowledge must have free access. At the close of the twentieth century it will seem as absurd that only men should be taught by men and only women by women, as it would seem at the close of the nineteenth century that only men should read Thackeray and only women George Eliot.

Slowly the stream of the world is moving toward a perfect system of co-education. Mr. Sage lived long enough to see the first woman elected a trustee of Cornell University and the first course of lectures by a woman included in the courses leading to its Bachelor's degree. I remember well that on the day when I was to attend for the first time the meeting of the trustees his kindly interest led him, though his strength was even then beginning to fail, to call on me at Sage College to welcome me to the governing councils of the University. It was then that he told me with much emotion of those early years when he had first introduced co-education at Cornell.

It has been said that "glory is after all the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity;" but of all things worth living for it seems to me the most worth while, like Mr. Sage, to have responded with one's whole heart to the summons of a reform as yet far off but destined to prevail, to have aided mightily a great movement, to have seen, as he must have seen through year after year of a long and honored life, men and women coming to think his way.

MR. SAGE AND LIBERAL CULTURE AT CORNELL

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

To the noble and generous character of Henry Sage in all its aspects full justice has been done by those who have already spoken. His regard for Liberal Culture this hillside proclaims through the monuments of his munificence more eloquently than it could be proclaimed by any words of mine. Commerce, on the large scale and worthily pursued, is in itself liberalizing. It had that effect on Mr. Sage's mind. He felt and munificently showed his sympathy with the broadest and highest interests of his country and of humanity. Our department of philosophy owes its name to his conjugal affection, and its endowment to his bounty. He gave us our new Library build-

ing. His object in creating the department of philosophy, as our register says, was to provide permanently at Cornell University for instruction and investigation of the most varied kind and of the highest order. It is needless to say more.

For my part I confess I come here specially to honor the memory of a man who made wealth honorably and used it well. In both ways he did good. In both ways he strengthened the foundations of industrial and commercial society. In both ways he helped to establish the fundamental principle of the American Commonwealth, which is, that every one is to do the best he can under the law for himself, because in doing the best for himself, he will be doing the best for the community.

Americans are looking with anxiety to the political future. They have reason. The constitution founded by men who were very wise, but still were men, is being tried in circumstances very different from any which the founders could have foreseen. It is being tried in a community which has received a large infusion of foreign elements; which includes great bodies of wage earners; which

presents marked inequalities of wealth ; and which is now being brought under the influences of European revolution. It may well be thought that a political crisis is at hand. All will come right so long as society is sound. And that society is sound, in the old settled states at least, we may feel pretty well assured. If I ever am inclined to despond about the American Commonwealth, I have only to call up in my mind the image of a village beside a lake in the state of New York, where I landed one dark November morning thirty years ago, and where I spent two or three of the happiest, and certainly of the best years of my life. I see there a community thoroughly law-abiding, needing no police but a constable, educated, intelligent, and patriotic. In it there are two men who have become wealthy by their industry, their shrewdness, their enterprise, their integrity, working their way up from the ranks of labor. One of them has founded the University ; the other gives that University a Library building. Both of them preserve in wealth simplicity of life. At the head of the University there is a third rich man, who has not made, but inherited his wealth, and who

takes advantage of it to devote himself, not without much labor, privation, and sacrifice of his literary ease, to the service of the community. Presently, there comes a fourth rich man, he whose memory we honor this day, who like the first two has made his own fortune and leaves the monument of his public spirit and his munificence on this hill. With such a community as this, though there may be political trouble for an hour, all is likely to come right in the end.

Accumulated wealth, the result of rapid development, is a feature, some think a dangerous feature, of American society. Wealth must do its social duty. To say that it must pay ransom for its existence, when it has been fairly made, is to give the signal for social plunder. But it must do its duty. It must show that it is useful to society. Every man who has a heart is touched by the inequalities of the human lot. We cannot be surprised if those whose place is the lowest want to equalize, even by measures of violence, mistaken and ultimately suicidal as such measures are. There is no use any longer in talking about divine ordinance or compensation for

Lazarus in the next world. Wealth must show that it is useful. Useful it may be. Inequality to a certain extent seems to be a condition of progress. In China, you have a dead level, only one man in ten thousand, as we are told, being above manual labor. There is nobody with leisure or means to start anything, or try anything, and the result is stagnation. If wealth is to be spent in the ostentation of luxury, the sight of which makes poverty doubly bitter, in aping European aristocracy, in buying European titles or admission to European courts, there will be a crash, and there ought to be. That all American millions are not so spent, this hill covered with monuments of munificence bears noble witness. The best men, we are told, that is those who are best fitted to serve the state, are excluded from politics. It may be so, though perhaps there is sometimes among men of refinement rather too much fastidiousness and too much love of ease. But if a man cannot be eminent in political life, he may be eminent in social and municipal life ; he may be a good and a great citizen, and such a man was Henry Sage.

MR. SAGE AND THE RELIGIOUS LIFE AT CORNELL

BY THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT

The topic assigned to me is "Mr. Sage and the Religious Life at Cornell." What is the religious life? What do we mean by religion?

Philosophy appears to me to afford no better definition of religion than that which is furnished by Max Muller in his volume on Natural Religion. "Religion consists in the perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." If this be a correct definition, then an unreligious man is one who has no perception of the Infinite. He may be in many respects a good man,—honest, just,

kindly, though not large, nor truly far-seeing. The horizon of the present bounds his vision. The visible world is all which he consciously perceives. He sees men as mechanics, as merchants, as lawyers, as doctors, but he does not see them as men. He sees the phenomena of nature, but not the noumenon behind the phenomena. Like the fabled figure in Plato's cave, he perceives the phantasmagoria of life which passes before him, the shadows cast upon the screen, but he is unable to turn his head and see the reality which casts that shadow.

An unreligious system of education, like an unreligious man, concerns itself only with the sensuous and the temporal. An unreligious university, like an unreligious man, has no perception of the Infinite and the Invisible. A great university may be compared to an individual, and the various faculties in this great university to the various portions of the brain. There may be that in this university which sees and deals with mechanics, with chemistry, with biology, with engineering, with agriculture, with the material side of earthly life; there may be that

which deals with the material or scientific side even of higher phases of life, with philology in literature, with isolated events or with arrangement of dates in history, or even with the mechanical aspects of art and of music. Such a university may make mechanics, civil engineers, chemists, it may make philologists and annalists, it may even make skillful copyists and skillful mechanical performers, but it cannot make true scientists, nor true historians, nor true musicians and artists, nor give a true understanding of life, because it cannot make true men and true women. It cannot do this because it does not perceive the Infinite in any such relations as affect the moral character of man.

If it is really to be a university, if it is to make men and women, not merely mechanics, merchants, lawyers, and doctors, if it is to deal with life in all its complex relations, if it is to incite youth to the largest living, and give them a clear perception of the most fundamental and vital relations, it must have faculties which deal with the unseen and the eternal. It must look, and it must teach its students to look, for that which is unseen and

eternal, manifested through that which is visible and temporal. It must study men—not merely the body—the liver, the stomach, the blood vessels, the nerves, the muscles, in a word, the mechanism which man uses; it must also study the man himself, his observation, his memory, his reason, his imagination, his hopes, his impulses: in other words, this university must have a chair of Mental Science. It must study man's relation to his fellow-man; not merely the relation of body to body,—that is hygiene and sanitary science; not merely the financial relation of employer to employed,—that is economic science; it must study the moral relation of man to his fellow-man: in other words it must study Moral Philosophy and Ethics.

It must also recognize those phenomena which, whatever our estimate of them may be, have been the most influential and the most striking in the history of the human race, the religious phenomena. I do not stop here to consider whence they come or what they mean. Whencesoever they come and whatever they mean, they are an integral and influential factor in human history, and any

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university which ignores them, ignores one of the chiefest elements in human life. This religious university must therefore have a chair, or chairs, which teach Comparative Religion, and the Philosophy of Religion.

This university must also furnish an opportunity to men to put into practice the theories which in the class rooms they are acquiring. Do they study the classics? They must learn how to translate the Greek and the Latin. Do they study chemistry? They must learn how to perform in the laboratory the chemical experiments. Do they study mechanics? They must learn how to make in the shop the tool or the engine. Do they study religion? They must have some opportunity to apply the lessons which they are learning, to express the life which they are receiving. There must be some church or temple, where they may come together to express their reverence for the Infinite, their faith in the unseen, their hope for a diviner future, and where they may hear the lessons of religion applied to the practical problems of their life, by men who have studied religion rather from the practical than from the theoretical point of view. In other words,

the religious university must have both the Sage School of Philosophy, in which logic and metaphysics, psychology and moral philosophy, comparative religion and the philosophy of religion, theoretical ethics and practical ethics, will be taught, and it must also have a Sage Chapel, and a Barnes Hall, where the religious life may have an opportunity to express itself in the utterance of worship and in the activities of spiritual service.

I find in the Cornell "Sun" a sentence which, since it is in one of your own publications, I dare to read, though as a guest I should have hesitated myself to say what is here said:— "Mr. Cornell was personally interested in practical education, on the farm and in the shop; Mr. Sibley gave for technical training; but it is owing to Mr. H. W. Sage that Cornell's reputation is as strongly developed on the side of the humanities. Remove the Library, Sage College, and the Chapel from the Campus, and although it would be visibly maimed, it would be a poor symbol of what would be subtracted from Cornell's standing among the Universities of the world, were Mr. Sage's gifts lacking. Indeed, without them, we should not be

a University at all, but only a Polytechnic Institute."* I believe this is profoundly true. Without the Sage School of Philosophy and the Sage Chapel and the influences which are connected therewith and go out therefrom, Cornell would not be a University at all, but only a Polytechnic Institute.

It is indeed possible to have an education without religion, an education which makes simply a mechanic or a chemist or a civil engineer, but it is not possible to have a university which is not profoundly religious. And a university is not made religious by morning prayers, whether compulsory or voluntary. It is not made religious by attaching a fringe of worship to a garment of instruction. It is made religious only by bringing into the university, and into every department of the university, the perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as influence the moral character of man, so that all its instruction shall be pervaded by the spirit of faith and hope and love, and shall minister in turn to that spirit. Without this perception of the Infinite, without this recog-

*Editorial in Cornell Daily Sun for Friday, January 31st, 1896.

nition of faith and hope and love, without this infilling of education by that spirit, and this ministry to that spirit by education, there is no real education. The process, whatever it may be, from which this spirit is absent, is not worthy to be called education. Does this seem to you radical? Let me read then the statement of this principle from one who will not be accused of having prejudices against purely scientific instruction, Professor T. H. Huxley.*

"Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side."

* "A Liberal Education and Where to Find it:" Science and Education Essays, page 83.

Without this spirit which seeks to fashion the affections and the will into an earnest and living desire to move in harmony with the eternal and invisible laws, mechanics becomes a mere equipment for money-making and an inspiration to greater greed; science a mere curious collocation of unrelated phenomena, without purpose and without significance; history a mere record of dates and facts, bringing from the past no lessons for the present, nor hopes for the future; literature ceases to be the interpreter of life, and the study of literature degenerates into the study of philology; art becomes skill in copying, and music a subtler form of mechanic skill. It is the perception of the invisible in man and in nature, which inspires mechanics to be a servant of civilization, science to be a student of law, history to be the tracing of human progress to an ever larger and better life, literature to be an interpreter of the struggle out of which the divine in man is emerging and in which it is winning its victory, and music and art the discernment of beauty which transcends the seeing of the eye and hearing of the ear, though interpreted by eye and ear to the spirit of man.

To Henry Williams Sage, more than to any other one man, Cornell owes the fact that it is a University,—not a mere Polytechnic Institute ;—that it has faculties which perceive, and seek to make others perceive, the Infinite under such relations as affect the moral character of man. To him Cornell owes its Susan Linn Sage School of Philosophy, with its chairs of Pedagogy, Logic and Metaphysics, Psychology, Moral Philosophy, Ancient and Mediæval Philosophy, Comparative Religion, Philosophy of Religion, Christian Ethics. And to Mr. Sage and to his sons it owes the fact that it has a chapel, and an endowed preachership, wherewith to apply its perception of the Infinite to the practical and moral life.

To be generous to the dead, it is not necessary to be unjust to the living, and it would be unjust to the living to intimate that all this study of the invisible life, all this incoming of the religious spirit into Cornell University is due to one man. I look into the faces of men before me who have shared with Mr. Sage in thus transfusing into this great University that life which inspires and ennobles, this sense of the Infinite and Eternal which illumines and

elevates whatever it pervades. But they will be ready, and none more so than they, to bear witness to him who has so co-operated with their work, so made possible the achievement of their desires, so enabled them by the reservoirs of spiritual life which he has created, to carry on all their work in a truly religious spirit.

To him also, more than to any other man, Cornell owes the fact that it is such an illuminating object-lesson to the world. We have long tried in this country to divide men into sections and educate them in fragments; to put all the religious instruction in the church and the Sunday-school, and all the secular instruction into the public school, with the result that the first has too often been unintelligent, and the second has too often been unmoral. Cornell University has proved and is proving not only that we may have religious instruction without sectarianism, but that we may have instruction more truly religious when we are not sectarian. It has proved and it is proving, that there is a religious life that is higher than ecclesiasticism, and far more pervasive and inspiring. It has proved and is

proving that it is possible to transfuse all life with that spirit of faith which perceives the invisible, and that spirit of reverence which bows before the Deity without groveling before man. It has proved and is proving that it is possible to preserve the spiritual in a system of education uncorrupted by sectarianism and freed from church control. It has proved and is proving the spirit in which our public school education must be carried on before it becomes worthy of this great nation or able to equip the people for a great future. Nor could he who had the prevision to see and the courage and generosity to provide for this religious need of a great University, have done what he has done for Cornell if he had not himself been a profoundly religious man, if he had not lived as one who sees the invisible, if he had not possessed that foresight which is faith, that strong will which is loyalty to the Divine will, and that life whose greatest joy was serving others. And what is religion but just this?—A foresight that is faith, a will that is loyalty, and a life that is service.

BENEDICTION

BY THE REV. DR. STEPHEN H. SYNNOTT

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us and abide with us forever. Amen.

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